

The TATLER

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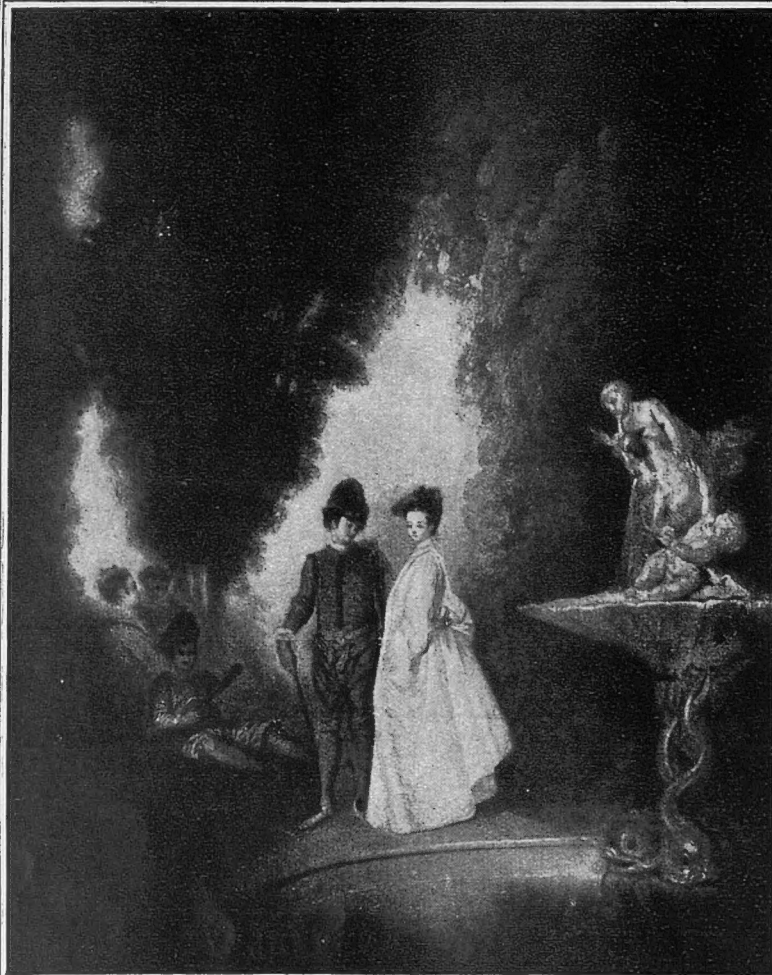
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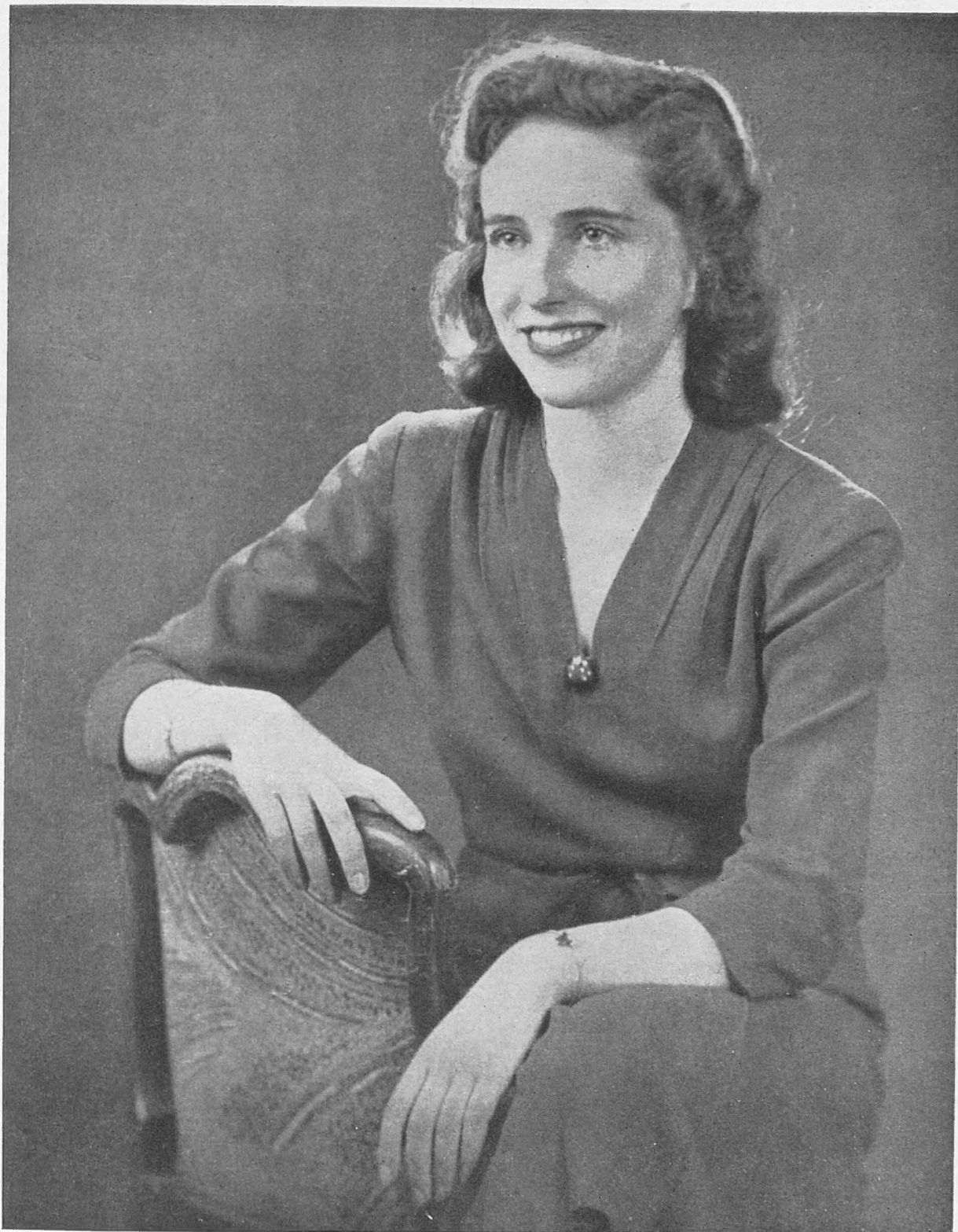
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Hay Wrightson

Engaged To Be Married: Lady Penelope Herbert

Lady Penelope Herbert's engagement to Mr. R. G. A. van der Woude was announced last week. Twenty years old, she is the only daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon, of Highclere Castle, Newbury, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Grenfell, of 5 Berkeley House, Hay Hill, W. Her fiancé, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. A. van der Woude, of Heronden, Eastrey, Kent, and New York



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Warning

By degrees, and with great caution, the Allied Commanders on the Western Front have in the last few weeks been preparing for their final and mightiest blow against the Germans. It has been officially admitted that the Christmas counter-offensive launched by Field-Marshal von Rundstedt delayed the Allied plans by at least five weeks. Now we have been told by Field-Marshal Montgomery to expect a co-ordinated and novel attack by

him the best part of the Sixth Panzer Army, and quite a number of other good divisions. It is estimated that he is now left with nothing more than seventy divisions with which to face the reinforced Allied Armies. German air strength is now at such a low ebb that it can be quickly overwhelmed by the powerful sky forces—they might be described with accuracy as sky armies—and, therefore, Field-Marshal von Rundstedt must indeed feel that his defence problem is insoluble. Defeat is



A Brigadier Confers With His Staff

Brigadier G. M. O. Davy, C.B.E., D.S.O. (second from right), has commanded Land Forces Adriatic since their formation in 1944. He was torpedoed during the evacuation of Cos, and was the first senior officer to return to Greece. He is seen here with three of his officers



British Officer Receives Polish Order

During a ceremony at the London headquarters of the Polish Army General Kukiel, the Polish Minister of National Defence, decorated Brigadier E. C. N. Custance with the Polonia Restituta, 3rd Class. Brig. Custance received the award for his services in the field with the Polish forces

which the Germans will be overwhelmed. Field-Marshal Montgomery's Order of the Day was generally regarded as an indication that the climax has been reached in the period of planning, and that only the problem of timing remains to be settled.

The subsiding flood waters of the Rhine, the Maas and the Roer must have been all the warning needed by Field-Marshal von Rundstedt. The Crimea declaration had told the Germans that co-ordinated blows of great magnitude had been prepared and would be launched from east and west. Reports from Berlin admitted that the British Second Army, and particularly the American Ninth Army, had been heavily reinforced. Thus the Germans knew that all the Allies were waiting for was a hardening of the ground. Most of the natural defence obstacles on which the Germans had been relying to give them time to organize their defences between Venlo and Duren had been overcome. This was the moment that Field-Marshal von Rundstedt was to have what was generally assumed to be his last opportunity to match his skill against that of Field-Marshal Montgomery.

Lack

FOR this final battle there is no doubt that Field-Marshal von Rundstedt lacks reserves. His abortive counter-offensive certainly lost

certain. But it would be wrong to assume that military prospects can be written off as quickly as this. The Germans will continue to fight fiercely as the battles sway across their home lands. And it is still conceivable that Hitler has planned some surprise for the invading Allies. One assumes that the Germans, being what they are, will fight desperately. But there are authenticated reports that morale in the army generally is patchy.

There have been several instances where officers, as well as men, have surrendered without a struggle. To this extent it is permissible to argue that at some point the morale of the rank and file of the German Army may be more of a deciding factor in the Battle of Germany than the will of Hitler, or the courage and tenacity of Field Commanders like Field-Marshal von Rundstedt. Without reserves, Germany's military experts are going to be hard put to it to organize defence in depth against highly mechanized armies whose supplies are almost limitless, and whose organization has little to fear from air attack. It is a poor argument which Goebbels advances that the Germans have nothing to lose by fighting on. In the last resort the strongest of all human instincts is self-preservation, and should the Allies, by their co-ordinated pressure from east and west, succeed at an early point in smashing the power of the German military

machine, it is conceivable that there will be a sudden crack and a collapse of the German Army.

Agreement

ONCE again the Prime Minister has pledged his word in person to President Roosevelt that Britain will throw all her strength into the battles against Japan once Germany is defeated. It may have some political value in the United States for Mr. Churchill to reiterate the intentions of the British Government. But I should imagine that Americans are just as interested as Britons in desiring to know what are the intentions of Russia regarding the Japanese war. Any reference to Russia would obviously have been out of place in the Crimea Declaration—unless it was a formal declaration of war—and, therefore, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt had to have a separate conference on Far Eastern matters after leaving Marshal Stalin. There still prevails the impression that the Russians will

not be backward in joining the United States and Britain against Japan at the moment which Marshal Stalin believes to be most timely. This impression, however, has yet to be given official support. It may be that the Russians in their determination to smash the Germans are not going to give the Nazis the least glimmer of a hope of the slightest diversion. If this should prove to be accurate, we cannot complain.

Sensitive

GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE has a capacity for making headlines, and sometimes they are not happy reading. His refusal of President Roosevelt's invitation to attend a meeting at Algiers has caused a most unfortunate impression abroad. It does not appear to have pleased public opinion in Paris either. One can understand General de Gaulle's desire to resurrect the greatness of France and his consequent attitude to the Crimea Conference. There is no doubt that it would have been a gesture of understanding, to say the least, if General de Gaulle could have attended some, if not all, of the deliberations at Yalta, and particularly those affecting France.

France must play a big part in the future of Europe, and at this moment she requires encouragement and recognition as much as anything else. The military part she can play



Inspecting Allied Troops in Italy

Arriving in Italy on his return from the Yalta Conference, General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, inspected a parade of Allied troops. There were platoons of men from every nation with the Allied armies in Italy, and the parade was held at 15th Army Group H.Q. Lt.-Gen. Mark Clark, commander of the 15th Army Group, is seen here with Gen. Marshall inspecting Sikhs of an Indian Division

is limited for the time being by the degree of suffering she has endured by reason of the German occupation. Most students of foreign affairs appreciate all this, but they find it difficult to understand General de Gaulle's attitude. French newspapers have warned him that sulkiness is not the best and most successful form of diplomacy.

We, in this country can compare the attitude of Mr. Churchill. At all moments in this war, in bad days and good, he has never hesitated to make the most difficult, arduous and dangerous journeys.

His object has always been the interests of

Britain first, and secondly all-round co-operation between the Powers on whom must fall the responsibility of making this a better world when the war is over and peace is with us. He has never stood on ceremony, not even when France was suffering her severest trials and her collapse was imminent. He flew to France for consultations with her leaders. He did not insist on the leaders of France coming to London.

I feel that General de Gaulle has made a great mistake. Whatever may have been the past personal relations between himself and President Roosevelt, it was a mistake for him to forget

that the President suffers from an infirmity and is an older man. It is one of the most encouraging developments of this unfortunate incident that in general, newspaper comment in the United States has been more kindly and understanding towards France and General de Gaulle than one might have expected.

Return

BACK from his travels, Mr. Churchill looked fitter and stronger than his friends have known him to be for a long time. It is amazing how he is able to defy the stresses of travel through various climates and the strain of continuous conferences. He regards the Crimea Declaration as the most forthright and firm assertion of the common policies of Britain, the United States and Soviet Russia which has yet been achieved.

Obviously, on reaching Westminster, he anticipated that he would not get all-round assent for all aspects of the Declaration.



Mr. Churchill in Athens

On his way home from the Crimea the Prime Minister paid a visit to Athens. He and his party which included his daughter, Mrs. Vic Oliver, and Mr. Eden, were met at the airport by Lt.-Gen. R. M. Scobie, G.O.C. Greece, with whom he is seen above



The Gloucesters Pay a Visit to Admiralty House, Sydney

When the Duke of Gloucester arrived in Sydney to take up his duties as Governor-General of Australia, he and the Duchess with their two sons paid a visit to the acting Governor-General, Sir Winston Dugan, at Admiralty House. In front, Prince William, Lady Dugan, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with Prince Richard, and Sir Winston Dugan. Behind are members of the staffs of the Duke of Gloucester and Sir Winston Dugan

He is too good a politician not to recognize that some points of the policy outlined must find critics. But it was his intention to place the Declaration before the House of Commons as the best combination of common policy attainable at this stage of the war. Also he decided that a vote of confidence was essential in order to assure world opinion where Britain stands in relation to her Allies.

Reports indicate that President Roosevelt's reception was even more warm than that to which Mr. Churchill is accustomed to at home. The people of the United States appear to have taken the Crimea Declaration as a great step forward, which they are prepared fully to support. The politicians, however, have yet to have their say. President Roosevelt's capacity as a politician will be tested to its utmost when in the next few weeks the Congress of the United States debates and decides how far the policies agreed at Yalta are to be accepted.

The debates in the House of Commons and in Congress are of the highest importance, for they will mould the respective foreign policies of the two nations. They will be the forerunners of the deliberations at San Francisco, where the new League of Nations is to be brought to life.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

This and That

By James Agate

I HAVE great pleasure in reproducing a letter from a Canadian corporal which puts the film critic in his proper place:

While you're on the way to the waste-paper basket with this letter will you linger for a couple of minutes while I give you one man's opinion of "What's Wrong with English Movies?" Thank you.

First. In the average (and there are exceptions) English film the cast all speak with a phoney West End accent that could only do justice to the lounge at the Savoy (pre-war). We in Canada can't understand what they're saying. Naturally, if we don't understand what's going on we just do not enjoy the picture, and the average Canadian passes up most English pictures for just that reason.

Beefing about lack of interest in English films and at the same time holding up all the American stars in your picture magazines and papers isn't helping your cause much either.

I don't expect Mr. Rank to call on me to solve his post-war problems, but anyhow, I've said my little piece, and if I could talk I would say per-lently more.

O.K.—you've had it! You can now throw this epistle away. Thanks for your time.

There is a lot to be said for this young man's point of view. After all, what does it matter whether a girl with Betty Grable's legs can act? But how are we going to teach British film actors and actresses to speak Canadian? In only one respect do I differ from the corporal. This is that the language spoken



There is consternation in the Smith home in St. Louis. Mr. Smith has been offered a job in New York; the family are loth to leave their friends and the town they love so well (Mary Astor as Mrs. Smith, Leon Ames as Mr. Smith)



Esther Smith is in love with the boy next door. The impending departure of the family depresses her in spite of Christmas festivities (Judy Garland, Tom Drake)



Judy Garland is the Star of "Meet Me in St. Louis"

Esther and baby sister Tootie (Margaret O'Brien) do the cakewalk. This gives Judy Garland opportunity to put over one of the seven song hits of the show. The film tells the story of a typical St. Louis family and revives scenes of the huge World Fair in 1903, which commemorated the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase



"Practically Yours" is the unintentional love story of a fighter-bomber pilot (Fred MacMurray) and a girl back home (Claudette Colbert). The pilot, Dan Bellamy, crash diving on a Japanese aircraft carrier to almost certain death speaks his thoughts into his radio. He talks of someone known as Peggy. His words are taken to mean that he is in love with Peggy Martin, a girl who worked next to him in pre-war days. Later, when Dan unexpectedly turns up it is discovered that he was talking of his dog, known as Piggy. Peggy understands, but she and Dan decide to keep up the deception rather than destroy good home-front propaganda. This is but one of the complications which make up the story of "Practically Yours" now at the Plaza. It is just a beginning but it all adds up at last to a happy ending and pilot Dan (Fred MacMurray) and his girl friend Peggy (Claudette Colbert) being happy ever after

Second. The Americans so build up each picture, even the cheapest ones, that a fellow feels he is really missing something if he doesn't go to see it. The "ads" for English films aren't forceful enough. Surely Barnum had England in mind, too, when he said: "There's one born every minute."

Third. What the hell's the matter with your press-agents? Surely a studio could choose a girl and give her such a build-up that within a few months her name would be known to every one who could read. What's it matter if she can't act, as long as everybody knows that she is really a wonderful cook, that she supports an invalid mother, and the Seaside Rovers have chosen her as their number one pin-up girl. Get the public to "know" your actors and actresses and they're bound to turn up to see them on the screen. Even I, with my feeble brain, could dream up a helluva lot more publicity for your stars and would-be stars than they are getting now.

in British films is not Savoy Lounge but Streatham Palais de Danse.

JUDGING from a selection of criticisms from New York papers reproduced in the synopsis of *None But The Lonely Heart* (Odeon) this film received a great ovation on its American production. This has set me wondering whether this success can have been due to the story which, so far as I remember, follows Richard Llewellyn's novel pretty closely. The story struck me at the time as exceedingly drab, depressing, and totally devoid of any gleam of humour, which, considering that the action takes place in the East End of London, seems a little strange. Or was it the acting which caused the critics' pæns? Here one is on firmer ground, for there isn't a bad performance in the entire film. Indeed, there are

several excellent ones, and one superb piece of portraiture, that of the hero's mother, by Ethel Barrymore. This is something outstanding in its utter naturalness, unforced pathos and consummate mastery of cinematic effect.

As the enigmatic hero Ernie, who indulges in a rather muddle-headed philosophy leading nowhere, Cary Grant, taking a middling-good Cockney, plays a difficult role with his usual businesslike self-assurance. No one can make bricks without straw, and if Cary sometimes gives the impression that he hasn't very much to do, that is the story's fault not the actor's. The master-crook Mordinoy is brought to life by George Coulouris who has here a part *à ravir*, and the Jewish pawnbroker with the usual golden heart is given a semblance of reality by Konstantin Shayne. June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are both very capable actresses; alas, they are both in love with Ernie, and they bob up alternately like Box and Cox, so that finally one ceases to care whether one or the other dear charmer gets her glowering prize.

A WORD for the splendidly natural dialogue. I wondered at this until I saw that it was by Clifford Odets; then I ceased to wonder. Odets is also responsible for the direction, which would be admirable if it were not concerned with the East End, of which the reproduction is, to say the least of it, eccentric. Or was Odets confusing it with the East Side?

Practically Yours (Plaza) has a story so slight that even my friend Synopsis, apt to make much verbiage about nothing, restricts himself on this occasion to a mere ten lines. I could abbreviate even these. I could tell you of an American naval officer supposed killed, how his last recorded words are about a girl, how it turns out that he isn't killed at all and how it transpires that his last recorded words had reference to his dog. But the world insists that it was the girl he meant, a girl who worked in his office and whom he scarcely remembers. Eventually they fall in love and marry.

COULD anything be simpler? Certainly there are other little items. There is another boy in love with the girl. There is an amazing photographer (Mikhail Rasumny), all gesture and gyration. There is Robert Benchley with a very bad part. There is a crooner, gender female. (But only one, thank heaven.) There is a marvellously smooth, slick, sinuous production by Mitchell Leisen. There is, of course, the dog.

LET me hasten to add that the film is what *Surbiton* and the loftier regions of Ealing would call a *bonne bouche* for connoisseurs. There is something of a French lightness of touch about it, and occasionally a glimpse of Gallic wit. Admitted that all this would be impossible without Claudette Colbert, who in a part which offers very little scope manages to bring a kind of limpid fun together with an airy pathos into the part of the airman's bride. Fred MacMurray is the airman. Incidentally, one *likes* all the people in this film. They put one in a good temper.



Ma Mott (Ethel Barrymore) keeps a second-hand furniture shop. It is in a poor part in the East End of London and it is hard to make ends meet. Her one faithful friend is Ike Weber, a pawnbroker (Konstantin Shayne)



Ma has one son, Ernie (Cary Grant). Ernie occasionally makes a little money as a piano tuner. Most of his time he spends at a fun fair when he meets and falls in love with Ada, a cashier (June Duprez). The young couple are helped by a kindly, eccentric old man, Henry Twite (Barry Fitzgerald)



Richard Llewellyn's "None But The Lonely Heart" is Directed by Clifford Odets

Ernie falls into bad ways when he meets Jim Mordinoy (George Coulouris). Jim and his boys are experts in smash-and-grab. Ernie throws in his lot with them and finds that one of his first jobs is to attack his old friend Ike, who has turned in one of the gang's stolen rings to the police. The old man is beaten up unmercifully by the gang in spite of Ernie's rather feeble protests

Jim and his boys are arrested by the police. Ernie is with them but is bailed out by Ike. He goes home only to learn that Ma has been arrested for shoplifting and is in a prison hospital. Ernie visits his Ma and finds that she is dying of cancer. Ada has left him and he feels alone in the world. Lonely and dispirited he goes back to his old childhood friend, Aggie; Jane Wyatt, extreme left above

The Theatre

"Laura" (St. Martin's)

IF you have read Miss Vera Caspary's novel you can hardly help being curious to see "what it looks like" on the stage. Experience may warn you that this is a weakness, but risk disappointment yet once more and this time you will stand a good chance of liking what you see—a much better chance, at any rate, than do those who without your special knowledge have perforce to judge the play on its merits as a play. The point is that you will know more about the characters than the play ever manages to explain and this may well make all the difference.

The failure of the adapters, Mr. George Sklar and Miss Caspary herself, to meet the elementary needs of the general playgoer is sufficiently obvious, at any rate to him, and the reasons for the failure are very simple. They have trapped themselves into treating the story of murder in a New York apartment as one of those mysteries which keep the audience on its toes trying to spot the identity of the murderer. If this is the only possible method the novel should never have been dramatized. The murderer may be spotted with complete assurance even before the identity of the corpse is known. But any reader of the book can tell them that they are wrong. The true interest of the case lies in the queerness of the people from whose characters all its complexities spring. The denouement depends for its effectiveness not on surprise but on the degree of our belief in the motive of a decadent fancier of lovely things to destroy the thing he loves rather than let another possess it. Most of the time spent in drawing red herrings across our noses should be spent in the drawing of character, and only those who already know what the play doesn't tell them about the epigrammatic aesthete and the laconic detective will be able to fill in the blanks.

The biggest blank is perhaps that concealing from the audience the important circumstance that the detective is himself at a crisis of mental development. This hearty young man has only just begun to feel that there may be something more in life than baseball results. The more he hears from the dead woman's friends of her



Laura's sudden reappearance so startles the exquisite Lydecker that he passes out (Sonia Dresdel, Raymond Lovell)

remarkable personality the deeper his conviction that it was she who held the keys to his own future. He is already in love with the dead Laura when Laura returns from the country, apparently ignorant that a murder has been committed in her apartment but a little shaky in her alibis. In the novel the blind gropings of an uneducated but vigorous mind are most delicately described and leave an impression of beauty. On the stage the crisis is scarcely noticeable. McPherson is a detective rather blunderingly at work; scarcely that: rather a stage hero getting ready to fall in love with a heroine who is at least half an hour late in arriving on the scene.

When Miss Sonia Dresdel at last appears she has an overwhelming reputation to sustain. She is by description the sort of woman for whom a self-indulgent man of the world would

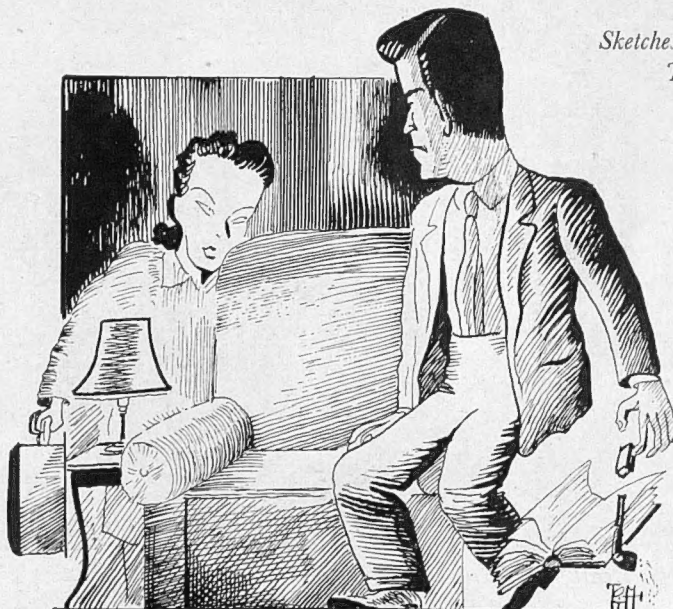


Laura is welcomed back to the land of the living by her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter (Sonia Dresdel, Leslie Bradley)

count Cleopatra well lost; for whom an exceedingly virile and exceedingly ill-mannered philanderer would contemplate marriage; for whom a highbrow youth would sacrifice Bach to the jazz which she prefers. She is as lovely as Helen of Troy, as enigmatic as the Gioconda and a genius in the organization of coast-to-coast advertising campaigns. Poor Miss Dresdel has to be satisfied to look satanically capable of tout, for nothing that she is given to say or do suggests that she is anything more than an appealing young woman with good taste in clothes and poor judgment in men. She shows her quick liking for the detective in a rather unladylike way, she uses the same coarse word twice with taking gusto, but on the other hand she keeps her head while an old friend is obviously trying to send her to the electric chair and continues to keep it while pressed down upon a sofa with a pistol at her heart. Out of such material not even Miss Dresdel can fashion the *femme fatale* which the play requires. But readers of the novel may well see her as Laura in the round, and they will know all about the sympathetic detective of Mr. Robert Beatty and Mr. Raymond Lovell's sinister aesthete who seems all the while to be trying somewhat inaudibly to "sum up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram."

A. V. C.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



Laura returns unexpectedly to her flat by night. She has heard nothing of her supposed death by murder. Startled, she comes upon the young detective investigating the case (Sonia Dresdel and Robert Beatty)



Consternation at the return of Laura is registered by Mrs. Dorgan, the caretaker's wife, Bessie Clary, the daily help, and Danny Dorgan, who is under her spell much to the disgust of his mother (Deirdre Doyle, Maire O'Neill, Sonia Dresdel, Peter Hammond)

The London Stage

Right: Muriel Pavlow has taken over the role of Lady Elizabeth Randall, originally created by Jane Baxter, in the Terence Rattigan comedy "While the Sun Shines," at the Globe Theatre, which recently celebrated its 500th performance. Her last appearance in London was with the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night." Before that she appeared with Edith Evans in "Old Acquaintance" and with John Gielgud in "Dear Brutus"



Muriel Pavlow in "While the Sun Shines" Alexander Bender



Sonia Dresdel in Vera Caspary's Thriller "Laura" Vivienne
Sonia Dresdel, at St. Martin's Theatre, takes the part played by Gene Tierney in the film of the same name. The story is written round the murder of a girl thought to be Laura Hunt. The mistaken identity of the victim gives the play a new twist and complicates the work of the police detective, admirably portrayed in the stage production by Robert Beatty. Sonia Dresdel's last appearance was in "This was a Woman." She first made her name in the West End, after some years of provincial repertory, in "Hedda Gabler"



Right: Anna Neagle has come back to the stage with a long string of brilliant screen achievements to her credit, including "Victoria the Great," "Sixty Glorious Years" and "Nurse Edith Cavell." She takes the name-part in Gordon Glennon's dramatisation of Jane Austen's classic "Emma." When this ends at St. James's Theatre, Anna Neagle plans to become an actress-manager. She will star in plays in London and New York; her first part is to be the title role in "Harriet," by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Anna Neagle Plays "Emma" at St. James's Theatre Swarbrick

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Invalids

PRINCESS ELIZABETH continues to make good progress and is by now almost completely recovered from the unfortunate attack of mumps. She has been staying quietly in the country, speaking to her mother each day by telephone and passing most of her time reading and writing and listening to the wireless, of which both she and Princess Margaret (who underwent the same painful experience of mumps a month ago in Norfolk) are extremely fond.

At Buckingham Palace, the Queen has received a number of visitors, including the Colonel of one of her regiments, General Sir Charles Deedes, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, General Sir Alexander Hood, Director-General of the Army Medical Services, and Dame Vera Laughton Matthews, Director of the W.R.N.S. Dame Vera is an old friend of Her Majesty, for as Divisional Commissioner of the Girl Guides, and Chairman of the London Sea Rangers, she has taken a considerable part in the upbringing of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret as Guides and Rangers. The daughter of a naval officer, she has the sea in her blood. In the last war she served in the Wrens from 1917-19, and her peacetime hobbies include swimming and boating.

Recent luncheon guests at the Palace have

included the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, and Dr. Benes, the President of Czechoslovakia, and Madame Benes, to whom the Queen was hostess with the King. The dinner at which the King entertained his Chiefs of Staff, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, the C.I.G.S., and Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the 'Air Staff, however, was an all-male affair, and Her Majesty left the King to hear the secrets of the Yalta Conference (from which Sir Alan and Sir Charles had just returned) alone. The third—and senior—Staff Chief, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, was unavoidably prevented from being present at this dinner.

After-the-Investiture Party

FAMOUS figures in the world of aeronautics, men who have made their name by flying aircraft, designing them and building them, met at an after-the-Investiture party at the Dorchester, at which the host was Mr. Robert Coverley, Britain's leading exponent of propeller design, and the man responsible for the creation of the five-bladed airscrew, which has helped to give our Spitfires and other fighters supremacy in the air.

Mr. Coverley, who a few hours earlier had been made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his services, received his



Engaged Couple

Capt. M. G. L. de Munthe, Gordon Highlanders, son of Dr. Axel Munthe, of San Michele, Capri, is going to marry Miss Ann Felicity Rea, daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Rea

guests with his wife and daughter; among them was at least one who had been with him at the Palace that morning—Sir Arthur Sidgreaves, Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, knighted for his services to the aircraft industry of Britain, in the production of the famous Merlin and Griffon engines. Lady Sidgreaves, in a long, waisted coat of dark fur, came with



Above: Mrs. Hugh van Cutsem with Mrs. Fiske, whose engagement to Lieut.-Col. J. C. A. Digby Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., was recently announced. Below: Mrs. Maurice Keating and Mr. Vic Oliver



Above: Mrs. John Spencer and Lady Gloria Fisher. Below: Miss Meg and Miss Jean Rymond, whose father, Mr. Arthur Rymond, is Master of the South Staffordshire Hounds



Above: The Earl of Warwick with Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton. Below: Count R. P. Orssich, the bridegroom's brother-in-law, and Mrs. David Forbes at the reception



Some of the Guests at the Henderson—Brand Wedding Reception at Claridge's



Capt. N. G. Westbrook and Miss M. J. Fraser Married in London

Capt. Neil G. Westbrook, R.E., and Miss Mary Joan Fraser were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Ann McLintock, and the best man was Lieut.-Col. William Fraser, R.A.S.C.



Swaebe

Here are the parents of the bride and bridegroom: Sir William and Lady Fraser, of Witheridge Hill, near Henley-on-Thames, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Westbrook, of Wilmslow, Cheshire. Sir William gave his daughter away

her husband, and others I saw at the party included the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Strabolgi and Miss Kenworthy, Sir Frederick Handley Page, Sir Roy Fedden, Sir John Buchanan—Director-General of Production at the Air Ministry—Air Marshal Sir Ralph Sorley and Sir Alan Gordon Smith.

Pretty Wedding

MISS "BOO" BRAND made a lovely bride as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her tall brother Michael for her wedding to Captain Ian Henderson, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Brand, who is petite, with the most lovely red hair, had chosen a simple white wedding-dress with a very long and full

tulle veil, which formed a train and was held in place by a wreath of orange-blossom. Her little girl attendant, Miss Patricia Knight, who has red hair like the bride, wore a short white satin dress with a tartan scarf, and white flowers in her hair. She was escorted up the aisle by Master Hugh van Cutsem, who

(Continued on page 266)

Capt. Henderson Marries Miss Brand at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Photographs by Swaebe

The marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Capt. I. A. Henderson, Royal Horse Guards, eldest son of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and of Lady (Murrough) Wilson, of Windlesham Park, Windlesham, Surrey, and Miss Patience Brand, daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand and of the late Lieut.-Col. J. C. Brand, of Houndean, Newick, Sussex



Mr. Adrian Donald Henderson, the bridegroom's brother, was with his wife. He married Miss Marieluz Dennistoun-Webster in January last year



Mothers of the bride and bridegroom were photographed together at the reception. Lady Rosabelle Brand and Lady (Murrough) Wilson



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland were there. She was Mrs. Clare Josephine Dunkerly, and they were married last July



A young couple at the reception were Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, whose own wedding took place just over a month ago

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

was wearing a kilt, and they looked a very picturesque pair.

There was a big crowd to wish this popular young couple "good luck," including many brother officers from the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, and also from the Life Guards, which in wartime are always amalgamated with "the Blues." The bride's mother, Lady Rosabelle Brand, looked charming in black with a small red hat, and her stepsister, Mrs. Fiske, was looking very attractive in a swathed turban. Mrs. Fiske has been working with our forces in Belgium: her engagement to Lieut.-Colonel J. C. A. Digby Lawson has just been announced.

The bridegroom's mother, Lady (Murrrough) Wilson, was escorted down the aisle after the service by the bride's brother, Mr. Michael Brand, who is in the Coldstream Guards, the same regiment as was his father, the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand. Countess Orrsich and Mrs. Pretzlik were both there to see their brother married; they came with their sister-in-law, Mrs. Adrian Henderson, who was in a scarlet hat and coat. Mr. Adrian Henderson had a busy time ushering the guests to their

seats in the church, and so had the Marquess of Douro, another usher. The Marchioness of Douro, looking very pretty, in a black hat with a fur coat, was with her sister-in-law, Lady Elizabeth Clyde. Mrs. Bernard van Cutsem, who must have been proud to see her small son behave so well as page, was in black, with a high black felt poke bonnet trimmed with pale blue ostrich feathers. Feathers were certainly to the fore; the bridegroom's elder sister, Mrs. Pretzlik, had blue ostrich feathers trimming her black tricorn; Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles was wearing a high black-velvet hat trimmed with green ostrich feathers; and Lady Throckmorton's little pale-blue hat was made entirely of feathers. Lady Roderic Pratt, a recent bride, who was wearing a blue-velvet beret and short fur coat over her dress, came with her husband, Lord Roderic Pratt. Others I saw in this big crowd were Lady Sinclair, wife of the Secretary of State for Air; Lady Gloria Fisher, Captain and Mrs. Brian Rootes, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward.

At the Reception

LADY ROSABELLE BRAND, the bride's mother, stood by the groom's mother, Lady (Murrrough) Wilson, and received the many relatives and friends of the young couple. Lady Rosslyn was with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; the Dowager Lady Smiley, was there to see her son, Major David Smiley, act

as best man, he, like the bridegroom, being in the Royal Horse Guards; Lady Jane Nelson was wearing an outside in halo hats, well back on her head in the French style; Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon had curly ostrich feathers on her small hat; Mrs. John Spencer was there; so were the Earl of Warwick, Lady Throckmorton and Sir Robert Throckmorton, Mrs. Maurice Keating, Captain and Mrs. Dochie McGregor, Miss Meg and Miss Jean Rymond, daughters of Mr. A. E. Rymond, M.F.H., South Staffordshire Hounds, and Mr. Vic Oliver.

Lunching and Shopping

LADY VERONICA MADDICK, looking slimmer than ever, was with friends, wearing a nice black spring suit, and a curiously-cut black velvet cap, which ended in a bow at the back on her fair curls; the Duchess of Buccleuch lunched with her only son, Lord Dalkeith; both were in uniform, the Duchess in her W.V.S. uniform and her son in his naval uniform; the Hon. Mrs. James McDonnell, wearing an ocelot coat, discussed the prospect of having her husband home soon. The Hon. James McDonnell, the Earl of Antrim's only brother, has been a prisoner of war in Germany since 1940, and has not yet seen his fair, curly-haired son, Sorley, who was born shortly after his father was taken prisoner, and is now a sturdy little boy of nearly five.

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Bobby Howes joined his wife at the party after appearing in the last performance of "Cinderella" at the Winter Garden



Master Trevor Worton entertained a grown-up partner. He is with the Hon. Katherine Bruce, daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh



Vocal refrains were provided by Miss Elizabeth Richmond and Lieut. David Keith, who seem to be enjoying the dancing



Jill Hulbert, whose eighteenth birthday it was, posed with her father, actor Claude Hulbert, beneath a portrait of herself when two years old



A quiet smoke between dances found Miss Jill Benson and Lieut. George Myrddin-Evans together. Jill Benson is Lady Morvyn Benson's elder girl

Coming-Out Dance to Celebrate Miss Jill Hulbert's Eighteenth Birthday



Lord Allerton, the Field-Master, is seen here with the Fernie Huntsman at the meet

A Day with the Fernie

Hounds Meet at The Hall, Alexton



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierson



Moving Off from The Hall, Alexton



Miss Kitty Jackson and Mrs. Duckworth-King

● The Fernie covers some 20 miles by 15 of typical Leicestershire country, mostly pastureland, with very little plough and woodland, which was originally an integral part of the Quorn. In 1853, Sir Richard Sutton, finding the Quorn country as it then existed too large, made over a portion of it to his son, Mr. Richard Sutton. The mastership of the pack passing in 1888 to Mr. C. W. B. Fernie, it became known as Fernie's, the Quorn having relinquished all claim to it

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOSE spurious £5 and £10 Bank of England notes now in circulation, supposed to be Nazi issues for the (postponed) invasion of England, smuggled from France, are certainly a tribute to German Art, a chap was telling us. Their exquisite craftsmanship shows up our native banknote-forgers pretty badly.

Only serious artists should attempt forgery for profit. As a matter of fact the last English artist of any eminence who did so was hanged at Tyburn—namely William Wynne Ryland, Engraver to George III, whose delightful copper-plates are smooth and fine as chalk-drawings. They caught Mr. Ryland out by the make of paper, he used for bills drawn for large sums on the East India Company, which shows that even in the case of quite beautiful work a slip may spoil everything, the watermark being most important.

Whether any R.A.s or A.R.A.s are engaged at the moment on spare-time engraving we cannot discover, the boys being quite insulting when rung up, reported our representative. Hardly able to believe this of artists of such noted benevolence and charm, we questioned our rather languid representative closely.

"What did you say when you rang up Mahlstick, R.A.?"

"I said: 'Doin' any forgin' lately?'"

"What was his reaction?"

"He started ravin'."

"I'm not surprised. What if he complains to the P.R.A.?"

"Well, the P.R.A. likes huntin' and ridin' and other chaps, like etchin' and forgin', I expect. Matter of taste, what?"

So there the mutter rests, as the Harley Street laryngologist said when he choked the husky politician.

Arcadiana

SIGNING himself "Rambler," a citizen writing to the papers on the countryside and tralala demonstrated clearly the essential difference between a Rambler and a hiker.

A Rambler rambles, a hiker hikes. One rushes in a straight line from A to B with a hard-set jaw, accompanied invariably by a frightful female in bulgy shorts; the other, generally alone, ambles and wambles and gambols round and round or zigzag or widdershins as his mild fancy directs, admiring the birdies and flowers. Down in the Hick Belt we have a distaste for hikers, but none at all for ramblers, whom we regard with that infinite indulgence lavished in Oriental countries on those Allah has sent barmy. Here comes a Rambler, we say; Heaven has afflicted him, let him pass. Hikers, on the contrary, we trap and shoot as vermin. If hikers left their doxies at home it would be much better. The huge



"Without seeming unduly optimistic about the war situation, Simpkins, I think the time has come to wish our more regular customers a frigid good morning."

mottled bare legs of hikers' females offend our rural delicacy, for down in the Belt we surround the sex with an aura of reverence, mystery, and awe. Surely, surely, Farmer Muckweed, she who approaches with a sack of swedes is none other than Yselt of the White Hands? Ay, 'tis she, sure-ly. Nay, sirs, do not kiss my hands! O morning star! That's what we rurals worship in women, grace and wonder and magic, and if they haven't got it we clout them silly.

Chevaleresque

THE BBC boys were very gentlemanly about Anne of Cleves when her hometown was recently captured, we noticed, and refrained from reminding the citizenry that the fat cad Henry VIII called her a Flanders mare (and how easily she could have got back at him).

Why Anne never returned to Cleves on being abandoned but chose to live in the main street of Southover, near Lewes, Sussex, is a problem we got no further solving after carefully examining her house, which is still there. Perhaps she felt less odd ("Flanders mare!") surrounded by the homely pans of Sussex? At any rate we guess she'd have been as grateful to the polite BBC boys as the battered lady vaudeville-artist in the Portsmouth music-hall was to the unknown stoker in the gallery who took her part against the opposition, if you remember that affecting Naval occasion.

"Boo! Get off! Yah! Boo!"

"Ere, give the pore ole cow a chawnce!"

"Well, thank Gawd there's one gen'leman in the 'ouse!"

In the case of the BBC announcer-boys, they are of course hand-picked, and have to pass a pretty stiff chivalry-test. Specimen question:

You are on the platform of an overcrowded No. 11 bus on a wet day, and a stout lady in a delicate condition is fighting to get on. What do you do after pushing her off?

Answer adjudged incorrect: "I wave roguely and stick out my tongue."

Answer adjudged correct: "I raise my bowler hat in a courteous, but not familiar, manner."

(Concluded on page 270)



"May I inquire who gave you permission to grow?"



A. E. Cooper Putting on the Eighth Green in the Foursomes

University Golf

Cambridge Beat Oxford
in the Return Match

● The return university golf match was played on the Southfields Course, near Oxford, on February 17th. Cambridge players beat their opponents by seven matches to two, winning four of the six singles and all three foursomes. They thus repeated their success in the first contest, played at Gog and Magog, when they won by eight matches to one

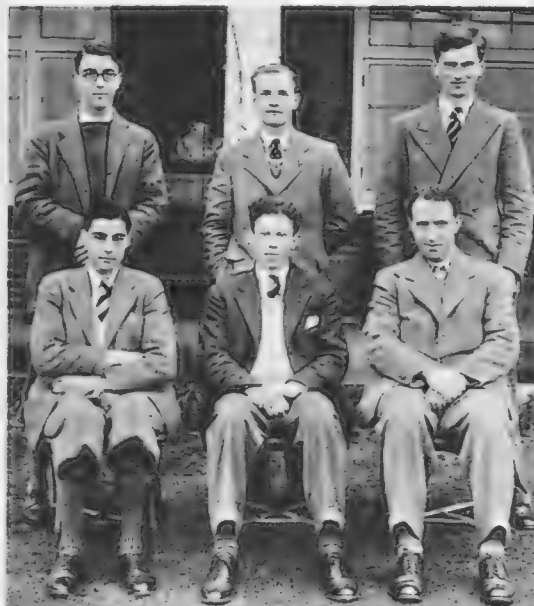


J. D. Fraser, the Oxford captain, is seen driving from the first tee in his single against Leggett



The Oxford Team

Sitting: J. M. Connell (Christ Church), J. D. Fraser (Magdalen, captain), S. P. Hutton (St. Edmund Hall). Standing: T. Russell (St. Edmund Hall), P. Hodgkins (Wadham), J. R. B. Horden (Christ Church)



The Cambridge Team

Sitting: A. W. Shutter (Caius), D. G. A. Leggett (Clare, captain), R. McL. Wilson (St. John's). Standing: A. E. Cooper (Trinity Hall), A. A. F. Bryson (Pembroke), G. D. Boddington (Trinity)



D. G. A. Leggett, captain of Cambridge, won both his matches. He beat Fraser 6 and 4 in the singles



J. M. Connell and T. Russell (Oxford), G. A. Boddington and A. A. F. Bryson (Cambridge) chatted to the club pro, F. Taylor, before starting their foursome



R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, the Oxford and Somerset cricketer, acted as caddy for J. R. B. Horden



P. Hodgkins, about to drive, is shown the line by Boddington, Shutter, Cooper and Hutton

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Idol

A CHARMING glimpse of one of Bloomsbury's idols who took cover from the war in America was afforded in a recent message from a special correspondent who reported the boy to be squatting crosslegged in a Los Angeles temple, meditating and conferring with a local Swami. Just the place for him, we thought benevolently, hoping the Hollywood natives offer him lots of cowrie-shells and marigolds. He ought to be gilt all over.

Los Angeles is not the place we'd choose personally to meditate crosslegged in, being the headquarters of some 178 strange noisy sects. The Great Alkali Desert would be much quieter, and unless we err frightfully, the vultures sit round in a circle and wait, reminding the exile very much of a Bloomsbury where his stock at the moment must be pretty low, we fear. Since that boy ducked to the States a whole new generation of poets has sprung up, all rather petulant but all young, and regarding him as the Oldest Inhabitant, the Patriarch, the Back Number, the Old Curiosity Shop. Even the wild dishevelled girls of Bloomsbury, all tousles and traumas, have forgotten him long ago.

As it rather peevishly says in the *Bharadvataghatalata* of the poet Hatakaldavata:

I meditate under the banyan;
Where is the lotus of yesteryear?
Am I Me or Not-Me? Avatar or Karma?
Nobody seems to give a damn either way.

However, when all else is lost the boy can always nestle in the bony bosom of the *New Statesman*, we expect.

Yahoory

LISTENING to a terribly whimsy piece of folk-cookery by one of the terribly smart modern composer-boys the other night, we found ourselves repeating through

clenched teeth what the American bishop said to the defaulting rural dean: "Bunk! - This must end!"

Musical folk-cookery as the smart boys practise it is extremely simple. You take a lovely old tune like *Lorraine* or *Raggle-Taggle Gipsies* or *The Holly and the Ivy*, change key and tempo at every third bar, knock out the harmony, stick in accidentals at every other note, make every chord an ear-grating discord, and finish with a kind of hysterical yell conveying the triumph of democracy over civilisation. Any child can do it. And what seems to us ignoble is the attitude of the music critics, who pretend, to take this kind of yahoory seriously. Our charitable conclusion is that the critic boys are either (a) drunk, or (b) terrified, or (c) bought.

Most likely (b). Many things go on in the musical underworld which the public never hears about. In the bombed ruins of Queen's Hall you can see at this moment the underground rooms where recalcitrant critics refusing to "come across" were given the *Donkey's Whistle* or the *Tweezle-Tweezle*. Never heard of those? If we described them you'd turn pale with pity and terror.

Rap

ALL that recent jubilation and excitement among the Fleet Street sports editors over the Football League's forthcoming new rule about a ball with "standard bounce" seems to us to ring false. We're thinking of the way the Island Race treats its favourite gladiators.



"I put him on a diet of fresh vegetables, like you said, Doctor"

The professional first-class Soccer player gets a measly £8 a week during the season (with £2 bonus for a win and £1 for a draw) and £6 a week in summer, and the best he can hope for on retiring in his old age (about 35) is the management of a small pub, yet his club may have bought him from another club for £10,000, and the Football Association before the war was making £150,000 a year and more. We often have a good cry over the harsh fate of Soccer players, idols of the million. They don't risk their lives, like bullfighters, but they get plenty of hacks and bumps, and we think the Race should at least make their old age more comfortable. There, now that's got us in tears again—a regular crying jag, in fact, thinking of the rambler-roses round the cottage-door and a poor old Soccer granfer (about 35) in a plaid shawl warming his thin blue bunions to a dead fire. Eh? Speak up, zur—I bain't so spry as once I was. *Happy?* Heh, heh, heh!

Trick

IF we were reviving *Quality Street*, the Daintiest Play on Earth, as the Embassy Theatre boys have just done, we'd have a business tie-up with the handkerchief-manufacturers; not for tears, but for nosebleed.

Actually there's good Scots business method in *Quality Street* already, the Misses Throstles' dainty blue-and-white drawing-room having made a few guineas previously in a dainty *St. James's Gazette* article and later in a dainty book as well, unless we err. Slogger Barrie wasted nothing. Some booksy boys lack the nerve to ring the same bell more than twice or thrice, fearing their publishers, their editors, or their public. The tough guys know that most publishers are too occupied with their disgustful amours, most editors with noble works of mercy and healing, and the entire hamfaced public with scratching itself and staring dully into vacancy, to notice anything.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Young man, if she told you she's only doing that to get up an appetite for lunch, you've been hoodwinked"

Theatrical People at Home



Mrs. Robert Morley, wife of Robert Morley, the well-known actor, is the only daughter of Capt. Herbert Buckmaster and Mrs. Philip Merivale (Gladys Cooper). The Morleys were married in 1940, and live at Fairman's Cottage, Wargrave-on-Thames. Their son, Sheridan Robert, is now three years old

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Tunbridge-Sedgwick
and Yevonde



Mrs. Reginald Heslewood is the daughter of Mr. Henry Oscar, now Drama Director of E.N.S.A. at Drury Lane. She was an actress before her marriage in 1940. Her husband, Major Reginald Heslewood, has been abroad for nearly three years, serving on the staff at 14th Army H.Q. Her small daughter's name is Jennifer



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Richardson, seen here with their baby son, are both theatrical personalities. He is now starring in the Old Vic Company's productions at the New Theatre, and is equally famous on stage and screen. Mrs. Richardson, as Meriel Forbes—she is the daughter of Mr. Frank Forbes-Robertson—started her career in 1929 in her father's company



Mrs. Charles Harvey was well known before her marriage as Isla Bevan on the stage and screen. One of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies here and in America, she played in several films before retiring. Her husband, Mr. Charles G. Cummins Harvey, of Littleborough, Lancashire, is prospective Liberal candidate for Rochdale

Left: Jack and Daphne Barker, now having a very successful season at Ciro's, live at Hampstead, and have a delightful baby daughter, Loretta. Jack Barker recently made his film debut in "The World Owes Me a Living," shortly to be shown in London. The Barkers' last stage appearance was in "Something for the Boys"

A Chekhov's Revival



Sonya: "The Doctor plants fresh trees every year. He tries to prevent the old forests from being destroyed."
Sonya (Joyce Redman) introduces the family friend Astrov (Laurence Olivier) to her young stepmother, Yelena (Margaret Leighton). Yelena (on the swing), is proving a disturbing element. Uncle Vanya (Ralph Richardson; extreme left) imagines himself in love with her



Yelena: "Don't look at me like that"
Vanya: "How else can I look at you, sin love you?"
Vanya professes his love for Yelena. He cannot that she is truly in love with her elderly

Photographs by
John Vickers

The Old Vic Company Adds "Uncle Vanya" to its Repertory Programme



Astrov: "Come to the plantation to-morrow, at two o'clock. Yes? You will come?"

Astrov finds that his love for the Professor's wife, Yelena, is returned—to some degree at least. He begs her to meet him away from the farm, his words being overheard by Uncle Vanya, who has come in from the garden unheard by the two lovers, with roses in his arms for Yelena



Vanya: "Missed! Missed again! Damnation, damnation take it!"

Vanya, unnerved by the scene he has just witnessed between Astrov and Yelena, and further angered by the suggestion of the Professor that the farm should be sold, tries to shoot the old man. It is typical of the frustration of Vanya's whole life that even in shooting he cannot aim straight



Nurse: "The old are like little children, they like someone to be sorry for them, but no one feels for the old"
The old Professor (Harcourt Williams) has gout and has no intention of allowing his family any rest while he himself is in pain. Marina, the family nurse (Sybil Thorndike), speaking to him as one speaks to a child, at last persuades him to go to his bed

● *Uncle Vanya* is the last new production of the present Old Vic repertory season at the New Theatre. It follows Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* and Shakespeare's *Richard III*. The season ends on April 14th, and the company will then visit Glasgow for two weeks and Manchester for two weeks before going over to France and Belgium to entertain Allied forces over there. The company plan to return to the New Theatre during the first week of September with a new repertory of plays



Astrov: "I expect nothing for myself . . . it's years since I cared for anyone"
Sonya, who is deeply in love with Astrov, tries to prevent the Doctor from drinking so much, a habit which is fast developing since he met the beautiful Yelena



Nurse: "We shall live again in the old way, as we used to . . . breakfast at eight, dinner at one and sit down to supper in the evening"

Yelena and the Professor are leaving. Marina is thankful. Telyegin (George Relph), who is known as Waffles because of his pock-marked face, helps her to wind her wool as he has done for years past



Vanya: "There, take it! But we must make haste and work, make haste and do something, or else . . . I can't bear it"
Vanya and Sonya are once again in sole charge of the farm. Astrov is returning to his own plantation. Vanya and Sonya try to resume their old life of hard work, sitting down to the books and accounts which have been left untouched during the excitement of Yelena's visit

Coastal Command Personalities

Some of Those Who
Wage War on Enemy
Shipping



G/Capt. the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., recently returned from the Middle East to take command of a newly-formed anti-shipping strike wing of Coastal Command. He is Lord Beaverbrook's elder son, and was a crack Battle of Britain pilot. Later he led the Czech night-fighter squadron stationed in Britain. He was awarded the Czech Military Cross, the highest Czech military award. G/Capt. Aitken has been adopted as Conservative candidate for Holborn

Right: G/Capt. W. E. Oulton, D.S.C., D.F.C., commissioned in 1931, won his D.F.C. in June 1943 for attacks on U-boats. He is now in command of a station in Coastal Command. To quote from an official statement: "This officer invariably displays alertness and gallantry in his operational duties, also the ability to impart knowledge and experience, which raised the standard of the personnel of his unit"



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Leonard H. Slatter, K.B.E., C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C., is A.O.C. a group of R.A.F. Coastal Command. He was born and educated in South Africa. He formed and commanded the R.A.F. High-Speed Flight in 1926-27, and captained the R.A.F. team in the Schneider Trophy race at Venice in 1927. Senior R.A.F. officer in H.M.S. *Courageous* from 1932-35, he later commanded the R.A.F. in the Eritrea-Abyssinia campaign



Air Vice-Marshal H. G. Smart, A.O.C., a R.A.F. Coastal Command group, was commissioned with the R.F.C. in 1915. In 1918, he went to the United States with the British Aviation Committee, and in 1935 he was appointed C.O. the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment, becoming Senior Staff Officer of No. 12 Group three years later. In 1939, he was posted to H.Q., Iraq, where he became A.O.C. the same year



W/Cdr. J. M. Davenport, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.A.F., from New South Wales, trained under the Commonwealth Joint Air Training Plan, is now on the staff of a Coastal Command station. He won his decorations for his leadership and conspicuous bravery. He took part in operations against some of the most heavily-defended targets in Germany, and in mine-laying operations. He has served in Russia, and participated in attacks on enemy shipping. Last year he was awarded the George Medal for rescuing a pilot from a blazing aircraft after he had crashed



Hunting in Leicestershire: Out With the Cottesmore

Oxhey Farm was the scene of a recent meet of the Cottesmore. Above, H. Norman, the huntsman, is seen arriving with the hounds



Major John W. Streeter, of New York, had a day's hunting with the Cottesmore. He was talking to Mrs. Ernest Walker at the meet

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Hippodromania

WITH the courageous effort to run a jumping season doomed to a premature grave, particularly at the only course within easy reach of the Hub of the Universe, where so many of the world's workers congregate, little else remains to be done than to tender our felicitations and thanks to His Grace and all those others who have tried to pump the breath of life into bones which had been dead for four-and-a-half years of very bloody war of a completely new complexion.

Even during the First German War, which was sanguinary enough in all conscience, things were easier. Then it was only on the doorstep: we know where it has been this time. Cheltenham, the Mecca of steeplechasing, has nobly tried to keep the flag fluttering in the breeze, and is even staging a substitute Gold Cup and Champion Hurdle Race as a brave gesture; but, if we are honest with ourselves, we shall confess that it has all been the heroism of a forlorn hope, particularly after the unseemly behaviour of blue-nosed Hiems. But for this snap of plumber's weather, things might have been more comfortable. The only person who has had any real fun, so it seems, is that one who was recently described on the wireless as "the noblest work of the Creator": the man too often made the mock and scorn of the heartless, red-nosed comedian. There is, however, no reason to despair where The Illegitimate is concerned, for only a small fraction of the future possibilities has been disclosed—and how could it be otherwise in so short a space of time? You must have reasonable weather chances if you are to make any kind of success in the education of the newcomer. Trainers have had practically no chance. How could anyone start to work upon such "possibles" as, say, Germanicus or Filator, to pick only a couple at random? If the big idea was to sicken such animals and choke their enthusiasm at the source, then no better method than jumping them on ground with a bone in it could be imagined. Elsewhere, the best steeplechase horse of a decade met with bad luck. It was not Prince Regent's fault that he fell in the big Irish 'chase at Baldoyle, and he still stands as the cream of the whole lot of them. I hope that, eventually, nothing will stop his adding the final laurel to his crown by winning the Grand National over Aintree. He deserves it.

A Dull Market

THERE is practically no money in the market on the big futures—the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Derby and the Oaks—and most obviously there cannot be any on the Leger.



Norval, Dunfermline

Coming of Age

Lord Bruce, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, celebrated his twenty-first birthday on February 17th. A Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, he was recently wounded in France

Our good friends the bookmakers are, however, as fully entitled to their opinions as are the rest of us, but they cannot blame us if we, in our turn, hold the view that the published odds are just 'opinion—and no more. What A thinks is not evidence! For a taste: Sun Stream is quoted at 7 to 1 for the Oaks and at 33 to 1 for the Derby! This is just another way of saying that Lord Derby has made up his mind. How can any of us know? There is no law against thinking, but it is often imprudent to think aloud. Then Dante! He is quoted at the very short price of 3 to 1 for the Guineas, and quite possibly he is all that much better than his nearest rivals, Court-Martial and the Tornadic colt, whom I still think should be named Typhoon; but this again is undiluted opinion, based principally upon the squandering of his field in the six furlongs Middle Park Stakes. Orestes won it in 1943, though not so easily, and remember how we all fell down over him in the Guineas. He was at 4 to 1 ante-post for that race for quite a time; his S.P. was 13 to 2. I do not think that many

people saw him after the start. Later on we found out quite definitely that he was really only a very nice-looking sprinter. He is another one by an Italian sire, Donatello II., who is supposed to be a long-distance horse. Dante is by the Italian Nearco, who has yet to beget a stayer. A whole lot of people lost their heads about Nasrullah, another Nearco. His utmost limit was 1½ miles, and he was none too generous. Dante does not strike me as lacking courage—in fact, rather the other way on—and his dam Rosy Legend may have put some more stamina into him than Mumtaz Begum did into Nasrullah. Both these colts by Nearco have great speed, and Dante is a bit of greased lightning. He seemed to me to be fresh enough to have gone another two, or more, furlongs on Middle Park day: but then there was nothing apparently good enough to go up-sides and ask him the question. He went past the Tornadic colt as if he were standing still. Nevett waited with Dante and then slipped him, as they went into The Dip. The jockey had a big hold of him all the way; and Dante could have won by much more than two lengths if he had been allowed so to do. He is a magnificent colt, and the present accounts of him are extremely glowing. His price for the Derby is nominally 7 to 1, but do not let us forget Orestes and Nasrullah.

(Concluded on page 276)



At Perth Shorthorn Show

Brig. Lord Lovat, who is himself a keen cattle breeder, was at Perth Shorthorn Show and Sale. He recently returned from Moscow, where he went as a member of the Parliamentary Delegation

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Dante in Inferno

MY young friend "The Hoplite," who, I am glad to hear, has got the saddle off his back for a bit, anyway, and has been turned on to a job just out of range of the whizz-bangs—result, I expect, of having stopped one—writes that he is very pleased at my having published his notes on the Free Handicap, and he returns to the charge with a few more, a little counter-attack on my few comments. He is obviously a careful student of form, and, I believe, was the racing correspondent of his battalion's weekly Bulletin, which was published when they were not quite so busy. In this instalment, he re-emphasises his disbelief in "the gay skin—that swift animal" Dante, and, I gather, would not back him even with German marks—bad enough money in all conscience—for any of this year's classics. However, here is his letter:



Richardson, Worcester

Hospital Visitor

When the Princess Royal visited an American hospital in Worcestershire, Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Lt.-Col. Wayne Brandstadt, Col. Lehmann and Col. Merikangus



In December the Royal Navy presented an all-Service revue, "Men Only," the largest Service show to be produced in India, and the first all-male show of its size in the Far East. The greater part of the book, lyrics and music were written by the producer, Lt. Peter Albrecht, R.N.V.R., whose picture appears on the left

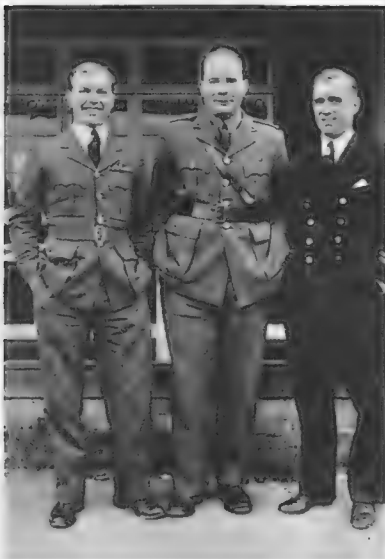


"Men Only," a R.N. Revue: the Producer and Some of the Cast

I put Happy Grace up to 9'3" as a result of a careful study of the form book. Unfortunately, I cannot now remember exactly the line, but I think it was through Vestal Virgin. Personally, I don't see why she shouldn't stay. His Grace did up to 1½ miles, and has got winners of 1½-mile races. Happy Landing stayed the 1½-mile, and I think His Grace was probably as good a stayer as Windsor Lad, though not quite in the same class. Personally, I always had a very great respect for His Grace, and would like to see him get more good mares sent to him. Accordingly, I don't see why Happy Grace shouldn't stay at any rate one mile, but then, I have not seen her and you have! Nothing anybody can say will persuade me to tip, or back, Dante for the Two Thousand, Derby, Leger or any other 'oss race either! If I owned him I'd sell him now—for £30,000 or more, I suppose? Another correspondent of mine tells me that the National Stud people fancy Belshazzar for the Two Thousand, and also tells me that Court Martial has not as yet been pushed at all. He is still my Guineas fancy. Until Dante wins the Derby I shall continue to affirm that it was a tragedy when

Nearco was brought to England. Apart from their short running, I loathe their lack of generosity and piggish ways. A typical product of Italy, obviously! But, of course, when Dante wins the Derby I'll take all that back.

All very interesting, but at the moment we know so little about this year's three-year-olds. I am all with him about "Iti's," and so far have not seen any of Nearco's progeny that I like, bar Dante! He is a very nicely-turned colt and obviously very fast. Of course, his quoted price for the Derby is just bookmaker's opinion. His Guineas price, 3 to 1, may have the money behind it. It is a very short one so far ahead, but we must take it as some kind of a mirror. I will not change my own opinion about Dante's chance in the Guineas until I see him beaten. My only other "intuition," as already recorded, is Sun Stream for the Leger. Other things quite apart, she fills the eye so completely. I have seen nothing for years which I like so well.



Rugby Internationals

F/O. Bledlyn Williams (Wales), Lt.-Col. K. W. T. Jones (Wales) and Lt.-Cdr. R. Bibby, D.S.O., R.N. (England), turn out for Rosslyn Park when not representing their respective countries



Captaining the R.A.A.F.

F/Lt. Bruce Miles, from Sydney, seen here with his English wife, captains the R.A.A.F. Rugger team, and plays scrum-half. Mrs. Miles was Miss Lillian Simpkins, of Bournemouth



Cambridge Rowing Eight

Sitting: M. D. Whitworth (Lady Margaret Boat Club), Mr. Eric Farmer (Trinity, coach), Ian Phillips (Trinity, president), G. H. Mann (Queen's, secretary), B. C. Heywood (Trinity). Standing: H. F. Jackson (boatman), Q. des Clayes (Clare), P. C. M. Nissen (Trinity), D. Garrod (Trinity Hall), F. W. R. Copeland (Clare), D. B. J. Wardle (L.M.B.C.)

D. R. Stuart

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Royal Naval Station

Sitting: 3rd/O. J. Dickerson, W.R.N.S., Eng. Cdr. H. H. Gordon, R.N., Eng. Cdr. S. G. Roch, O.B.E., R.N., Cdr. A. Bryant, R.N., Cdr. T. le B. Pirouet, R.N.R., Cdr. (E) J. H. Vine, R.N.R. Standing: Sub-Lt. R. J. Hart, R.N.V.R., Mr. H. V. Perkins, Commissioned Gunner, R.N., Lt. L. Angrove, R.N.R., Lt.-Cdr. (E) W. C. G. Keats, R.N., Sub-Lt. G. P. Brook, R.N.V.R., Lt. W. R. Forster, R.N.R., Lt. H. D. Seed, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. E. J. Luscombe, R.N., Lt. E. N. Dennis, R.N.

Right, front row: Major J. A. H. Saunders, Major P. N. Robinson, Capt. G. D. Botterell, the Commanding Officer, Major-Gen. A. B. Dowler, C.B., Majors R. A. N. Andrews, C. P. Genillard, R. H. P. Seymour, Capt. P. E. C. Andrews. Middle row: Lts. J. S. Campbell-Dick, E. Law, D. J. Smith, H. D. Bullock, H. R. C. Callon, M.C., Capt. B. D. Beglan, F. H. Bate-man, G. E. Birdsall, M.B.E. (Q.M.), Rev. H. C. C. Lannigan, M.C., C.F., Lt. E. F. E. Cobb, Lt. E. J. Young, Capt. S. F. B. Stewart-Francis, Lts. W. J. F. Maycock, L. A. S. Harbourn, R. A. Guest, R. A. Gates. Back row: Capt. C. J. Parker, Capt. J. E. M. Watson, Lts. R. R. McClean, N. D. Marsh-Hunn, F. G. M. Keiger, G. J. Aves, Capt. R. C. Taylor, Capt. J. H. Cliff, Lt. J. F. Louis, Capt. W. A. Smurthwaite, M.C., R.A.M.C.



Officers and Staff of a Royal Naval Hospital D. R. Stuart

Front row: Nursing Sister I. McLeod, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Lt. Selwyn Taylor, R.N.V.R., Senior Sister E. H. Pashley, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Rear-Admiral R. J. Willan, R.N.V.R., M.V.O., O.B.E., V.D. (Consultant in Surgery), Surg. Capt. A. J. Hewitt, C.B., C.B.E., R.N., M.O.-in-Charge, Nursing Sister A. Mathieson, Q.A.R.N.N.S.R. (R), Sister A. Conway, Q.A.R.N.N.S.R. (R), Mr. A. Weeks, D.S.M., Warrant Wardmaster, R.N. Middle row: V.A.D.s C. Speed, K. Ferguson, M. N. Smith, W. Ramsay, E. McConnell, J. Speed, Supervising V.A.D. K. Millson, V.A.D. J. Webster, Stoker J. Mannion. Back row: S.B.P.O. (D.C.) A. L. Wood, Wrens I. Burnett, E. Howarth, H. Carrick, D. Buttigieg, I. Skelton, L/Wren Holman, Wren V. Lee, L/Wren A. Calder, S.B.A. J. Thompson, L/S.B.A. (L) A. Mair



Officers of a Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment



Officers of the Berkshire Yeomanry

H. Connold

Front row: Capt. A. M. Nicholson, J. P. L. Puxley, H. T. H. Whitcombe, J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, Major D. A. Campbell, Major P. D. Birchall, the Commanding Officer, Major J. H. Pilkington, Major E. Carbutt, Capt. R. M. England, P. H. D. Crichton, R. B. Veruey, R. B. F. Garrard. Middle row: Lts. P. M. B. Sutcliffe, N. Searson, A. C. Lorimer, D. H. Foskett, Capt. R. G. Mousley, R. W. A. P. Lewis, A. G. Dawes, R. B. Baylis, Lts. R. E. Vestey, C. N. S. Drew, P. F. Matthews, P. A. Gunn, J. Blackburn. Back row: 2nd Lt. J. T. Calderhead, Lts. G. A. S. Shaw, G. P. White, G. H. Hart, R. A. J. Middleton, G. W. Rigby, F. Wood, R. L. Kirkcaldie, A. T. Ball, A. E. Robinson, R. K. Ewan, D. C. Roberts, 2nd Lt. R. S. B. Hill (Royal Signals)

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Heritage

THE reviewer is, on the whole, a fortunate person. He (or she) is entitled—nay, more, expected—to relay a frank, though equally a disinterested, opinion of what he reads. He has the interest, on his way through a book, of forming, qualifying, perhaps by the end reversing, the opinion that he is to deliver. Best of all—and most to be envied, in these days of book shortage, when desired new publications are snapped up and vanish rapidly—he has access, just ahead of the public, to that enticing array, "all the new books." Ungrateful, you might well say, the reviewer who lamented his lot. None the less, he is made conscious, from time to time, of limitations to his good fortune—even of hardships. When does this happen? Chiefly, I think, when he comes across, or is come across by, a book whose nature, style, erudition, fullness of content and what one might call aroma, demand that it be read more slowly, savoured at greater leisure, than the reviewer's time-table will allow. Such a book is *The Naval Heritage*, by David Mathew (Collins; 12s. 6d.). I should like to have spread over six weeks, instead of contracting into six evenings, the reading of this. Roughly, *The Naval Heritage* is a history of the British Navy—with Drake as the first figure, but glancing back behind Drake as far as the first ships raised by the Cinque Port barons. It ends with the present day: one short, final chapter condensing (and comparing) the two "German wars." It is, to quote the publisher's wrapper, "a survey, informed, compact and vivid, of the many elements which have gone to make up our naval heritage. It is a study of the development of a way of life and of the impact of outstanding personalities which together form the naval tradition."

Quality

BISHOP MATHEW, as a distinguished historian who served in the Navy in the last war, writes from an admirable position. No doubt you will remember his *British Seamen* (in the "Britain in Pictures" series), with its coloured word-pictures, clear and direct narration and ice-sharp style. This present book, larger in scope as it is in bulk, permits expansion on what is, evidently, his great subject. Better still, it offers wider outlet for his powers of presentation and of analysis, his gift for touching the pith of individual character, his Renaissance sense of human variety, his interest in strategy, his asstringency as to politics, and, with regard to history, his panoramic view.

In discussing *The Naval Heritage*, I discuss, chiefly, its qualities as a book—rather, I mean, than its virtues as a book on the Navy. Those, I imagine, must be apparent to sailors, to members of naval families and to those whose specialised interests follow the line of the author's own. I confess to what has till lately been an ignorance and a

timidity on the subject of the Senior Service. But in both, perhaps, I have not been quite alone. Up, at any rate, to the beginning of this war, there was a tendency on the part of the outsider, the civilian, to regard the Navy as esoteric—it had the prestige, but also the forbiddingness, of a hierarchy (and, indeed, Bishop Mathew does not ignore this hierarchic aspect). The lessening of the "outsider" attitude is marked, in *The Naval Heritage*, by the closing passage:

The manning of the Royal Navy during the second German war has brought into the service a fine cross-section of the nation's life. In no previous conflict have so many men from such different shore professions joined in the marine defence of England. The Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and the "hostilities only" ratings carry a very great part of the naval burden. Much of the work of small craft, like motor gun-boats, falls wholly upon them. It is fitting that those formerly civilians should have been entrusted with so great a share of the action arising from the fact that the coasts facing England from Terschelling to Ushant were once again after a century in hostile hands. Throughout the Navy, with the main fleets and in escort duty, this element of those who have chosen their war service on the sea is always present.

Certainly the life of the Navy enters more closely into the nation's consciousness than in any previous era. There is nothing of that isolation from the



Briggs

Celebrating an Anniversary

Mr. Raymond Savage, the Literary Agent, was celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of his Agency with his co-director, Mrs. Bernard Shattock, at the Liaison Club. Mrs. Shattock is the daughter of Mr. L. Dougal Callander, the well-known surgeon and member of the British Medical Association, and of Mrs. Callander, who is a J.P. for Doncaster

experience of the sea which was the lot of the agricultural labourer in the Midlands throughout Napoleon's triumphs and defeats.

It seems clear that there has never been any time when the naval life in all its detail has been bound up so intimately with each family throughout Britain. The Navy has always held the first place in the English legend. All that this country has stood for is implicit in the defence of England on the sea.

Contrasts

THE British public's attitude to the British Navy has, through the centuries, shown an interesting variation—which Bishop Mathew, supplying causes, traces. Magnetic figures, spectacular victories or commercial booms as trade routes were secured or freed, naturally did most to bring the Navy, as glorious, into the private citizen's view. On the debit side, in the matter of popularity, stood the dreaded press-gangs. Among officers, specialisation came slowly: for a long time one had the phenomena of courtiers and country gentlemen going—stoutly enough, but *de luxe*—to sea. The original Elizabethan sheer adventurer spirit—which made each voyage a brilliant *tour de force*, with, sometimes, more than a hint of piracy—had, as time went on, to be regimented; there was wider study of strategy, less (with epic exceptions) personal dash. Bishop Mathew's chapters on Nelson are, inevitably, the high point of the book; but these have been led up to, and led away from, by not less able studies of different Admirals—as men in themselves, as men in action, as men in relation to one another and to their own time. Research has enabled the author to picture the Navy at periods when we may know it least—during the Commonwealth, Restoration and earlier Hanoverian decades. Political aspects have not been understressed. Ever appreciable and

(Concluded on page 280)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

A KIND of sixth sense discovers Sincerity. That is why a blind

person can so often sum-up a man's true nature where you and I flounder in a morass of indecision. We are so easily deceived by smiles and words and the expression which strives to assume the emotion which it seeks to impose. A blind man merely listens, and not being carried away by outward appearances can discover nuances which immediately put him on his guard or lead him forward in full trustfulness.

Just as I believe it is often possible to tell when a man is lying by watching his mouth, so there may be something in a man's voice which betrays his sincerity or fraudulence. When a man or woman wants to deceive, Nature instinctively puts on an act, which, as acting, can unconsciously become "ham." But ham-acting can quite easily carry us away far more than the acting which deliberately understates.

Only thus can I explain to myself why so many blackguards, real or potential, possess a false forthrightness which, as events prove, leaves us with a feeling of amazement at our own credulity. A ready, ingratiating smile can cover a multitude of dishonest intentions. Like the Common Flirt, something unconsciously inherent guides the false towards the weakness of their prey. The eye is so easily taken in, while the ear can quickly deceive our better judgment.

Nevertheless, a kind of sixth-sense intuition often warns us, if only we pause to listen—which we very rarely do. The insincere will always give themselves away

in time. It may only be by a look, a mannerism, a handshake, even a too great protestation of sincerity. Only, of course, we pay no attention. We are always inclined to believe what we want to believe—especially if that belief be flattering. It is far jollier to leap before you look. The blind, who cannot look, rarely leap, I have discovered, towards people who are inwardly neither as they sound nor wish to appear. I would, I think, trust their judgment of character before my own in almost every human contact.

Happily in this life one actually demands absolute genuineness from very few people. That is to say, if one wishes to avoid heart-break. The trouble is with most of us that, were it not for that "still, small voice" which can be so irritating at times, we should live in a glorious state of continuously taking ourselves in. And it is only when at long last we very nearly know ourselves for what we are that we can more easily forgive other people for throwing dust in our eyes and protesting much more than they really feel. We too are mostly insincere towards ninety people out of every hundred, but ready and willing to sacrifice ourselves for the other ten. The same approach, though it may vary in number, is inherent in other people. Social life always consists in playing up or down to each other. Wisdom, however, consists in never allowing the performance to carry you away too far. The sixth sense will sooner or later tell you where friendship lies, the queer fact being that the discovery often arrives from the most unexpected quarter.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Hamilton — Grant Thorold

Major Thomas F. C. Hamilton, Fifth Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. A. C. Hamilton, of Turrell House, Stamford, married Miss Bridget Mary Grant Thorold at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride is the daughter of Major H. Grant Thorold, of Cranford Hall, Kettering



Bird — Denis-Sanders

Capt. Nigel Martin Bird, son of the late Mr. R. M. Bird, and Mrs. Bird, of Brackenwood, Cookham Dean, Berks, married Miss Diana Denis-Sanders, daughter of the late Brig. D. Sanders, O.B.E., A.F.C., and Mrs. Denis-Sanders, of East Farndon Manor, Market Harborough, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



G. W. Briggs

Johnson — Bell

Capt. Richard Michael Johnson, 14/20th King's Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, of Woodleigh, Churt, Surrey, and Miss Phyllis Margaret Norton Bell, daughter of the late Mr. C. Burnby Bell and Mrs. Bell, of 101, Cranmer Court, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Maclean — Redman

Capt. Charles Alastair Ogilvy Maclean, The Black Watch, of Balmaboth, Glenprosen, Angus, and Miss Dorothy Grant Redman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Redman, of West Lodge, Upham, Hants, were married at Upham Church



Jepson Turner — Dorrien Smith

Major Bertram William Jepson Turner, M.C., The Rifle Brigade, elder son of Major and Mrs. W. Jepson Turner, of Garlogs, Nether Wallop, Hants, married Mrs. Rosemarie Helen Dorrien Smith, widow of Capt. R. Dorrien Smith and daughter of the late Major Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth, Bt., and of Mrs. J. Smyth-Osbourne, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Campbell — Meech

Capt. Charles Glen Sutherland Campbell, The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Campbell, of Toronto, married Miss Pamela Diana Esmée Meech, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meech, of Chaldon, Surrey, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Cartmell — Corsan

Capt. Anthony James Studholme Cartmell, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Studholme Cartmell, of Heads Nook, Carlisle, married Miss Wendy Marjorie Corsan, only daughter of the late Brig. R. A. Corsan, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Corsan, of Devonshire House, Sutton, Surrey, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 266)

Mrs. Harold Huth shopped at a fashionable store, where I also saw Lady Dalrymple-Champneys; Mrs. Murray Smith, very smart in black, with touches of royal blue, was accompanying the Duchess of Roxburghe, well wrapped up in a fur coat; Viscountess Portman, up from her home in Somerset for a few days, was another shopper. Lady Catherine Ramsden, hatless in a mink coat, with her string bag full of groceries, chatted to Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith; and a little farther on, Queen Alexandra waited for a stream of traffic to stop before crossing the road with her mother, Princess Aspasia, and her faithful long-haired dachshund. Lord Grantley, driving himself, was held up by the traffic lights; the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, with a gaily-patterned scarf on her head, was another shopping-bent; so was Lady Kimberley.

Here and There

Lord and Lady Adare have been over on a visit from Ireland and have been seeing many of their friends. The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt was chatting to them the other night, and I noticed that both Lady Adare and Mrs. Cubitt had their lovely pearls wound many times round their necks to form chokers, the revival of a most attractive fashion. Lady Adare is, of course, an American by birth, and was Miss Nancy Yuille, of New York, before her marriage to the Earl of Dunraven's heir in 1934. Near by, Lord and Lady Doverdale were entertaining a party of friends; so was Sir Thomas Cook, M.P.; Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Noel Coward came in to dinner together; and Sir Charles and Lady Birkin were dining *à deux*. Sir Charles, who



An M.P. Goes to the Palace

Sir Geoffrey Mander, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair and Member for East Wolverhampton since 1929, received his Knighthood from the King at a recent Investiture. Sir Geoffrey Mander is seen leaving the Palace with his wife and Mrs. Neville

is in the R.A.C. and was, in battledress, is the uncle of three exceptionally pretty nieces, Viscountess Lambton, Mrs. Bob Laycock and Mrs. Pelissier—Penelope Dudley Ward, the actress.

Back in London, after an absence of just on six years, is Mr. Alfred Scheck, Directeur-Général of the Metropole Hotel, Monte Carlo. Mr. Scheck, who is known to everyone, from King Gustav of Sweden to famous Hollywood stars, was at the May Fair the other day enjoying his first square meal for longer than he can remember. He reared everything in the gardens of the Metropole for the few English visitors who still stayed on at the Metropole, but he never wants to see a Belgian rabbit again as long as he lives. "I believe," said Mr. Scheck, "they are the most prolific breeders in all the world, and they saved us on many an occasion from near-starvation, but . . ." The Metropole had an odd shell or so through the building, but little damage was done, and the lovely villas adjoining the hotel were completely untouched. Poetic justice took its toll on the grand scale shortly after the Americans entered Monaco. All the famous tennis courts, where Suzanne Lenglen, Jean Borotra and a host of other celebrities had thrilled their audiences, had been mined by the Germans. A party of German prisoners were detailed to clear this most distinguished of all minefields and were blown skyhigh.

Life in the Principality is now getting back to normal, and the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris has reopened. Mr. Scheck and the other Monte Carlo hoteliers are meantime trying to arrange a thousand beds in the Principality for convalescent British officers—that is to say, providing the Geneva Convention will permit the entry of unarmed officers into a neutral State.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

sometimes grave were the difficulties of a divided command. We have the relationship between the Board of Admiralty and the commanders at sea. "Influence," as affecting promotion, could not but play a disturbing part. Contrasts, conflicts and temperamental clashes make *The Naval Heritage* as interesting psychologically as it is historically. We follow the evolution of sea-fighting: here are discussions of strategy and accounts of action. The passages on marine architecture cannot fail to delight the mind's eye: they are rivalled only by the accounts of Greenwich.

Quartet

"LET other pens," said Jane Austen (winding up the story of *Mansfield Park*)—"let other pens dwell on guilt and misery. I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can. . . ." Other pens, in her day and in our own, have not been lacking: guilt and misery have enjoyed a boom. If—as it has been suggested—recent generations show a lapse of the sense of guilt, they have tended to dwell all the more on misery. Novels about nice people having a nice time were, between 1918 and 1939, extremely rare. Since the war I have noticed, and been refreshed by, a slight climatic change, for which it is not difficult to account. We are having quite enough of all that in real life—therefore, guilt more and more confines itself to the detective-story (in which it is rapidly brought to justice); and misery shuffles to a back place in the pages of our better-selling fiction.

I note these thoughts in spite—or is it because?—of the fact that they do not apply to *The Blinds are Down* (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.). This devastating, but I must say absorbing, novel is by Pamela Kellino. The main cast is confined to four, of whom three are guilty and one is miserable—there are one or two well-meaning minor characters, but they are not intended to, and do not, cut ice. Strictly, I should call one of four a border-line case: fat, obtuse, self-important Joe Lake is driven by misery—though it is self-made misery—into guiltiness. His daughter, Charley, who continues to haunt me, is miserable for the sufficient reason that the three others behave abominably to her. She fails to stand up to them: she is weak, and knows it. Charley's husband, Alec, and Joe Lake's second wife, Frances, who combine to betray the father and daughter, are point-blank crooks—though, throughout the novel (and this in itself is interesting), not one character technically breaks the law.

Exploitation

JOE LAKE is a very rich, self-made man, whose bullying has forced his first wife to leave him, taking away their child. Joe reclaims Charley after her mother's death, and brings her back to be the poor little rich girl in the great dusky, tomb-like Berkeley Square house. Bad sight is her final handicap. She is humbly grateful for the friendship of Frances—a hard-up, ambitious young pianist—and later, in Paris, falls equally easy prey to the fascinations of Alec, a hack writer on the make. For Charley, motherhood is the sole—and it is to be a terribly brief—happiness. . . . What is it that makes *The Blinds are Down* so arresting? I can only think the brisk unsloppiness, the sheer astringency, of Miss Kellino's writing; the speed of the dialogue; the almost unbearable convincingness of the characters. And, perhaps in the end, the appeal of Charley.

Sticking It

"LADIES MAY NOW LEAVE THEIR MACHINES," by Diana Murray Hill (Pilot Press; 7s. 6d.), is an excellent and (in all but the literal sense) I should say, uncensored picture of life in an aircraft factory, as seen through the eyes of three girls—the narrator Di and her friends Gwen and Lil. Though particularised by character interest and love interest, this ranks as a "documentary." It does not, as the publishers warn us, tally with some of the rosier pictures of official propaganda. But it certainly *does*, as they claim, bear the stamp of truth. Fatigue, the exacerbation produced by queer yellow lighting, flagging morale, bad patches, nervous crises, friendships and enmities, claustrophobia, are all rendered here. Frankly, *Ladies May Now Leave Their Machines* deals with the effects of undue and prolonged strain. As against this, though, stand out the natural assertions of youth—flamboyance, good nature and love of life.

Jazz

"JAZZ," says Peter Noble, "is twentieth-century folk-music." This may well be true; for jazz is, one finds, most disliked by those who dislike living in the twentieth century. To those who have not this prejudice, I recommend Mr. Noble's *Transatlantic Jazz* (Citizen Press; 3s. 6d.). This deals with jazz history and theory, gives place and date of birth—New Orleans, in the early 1900's—studies its star practitioners, coloured and white, and establishes the nature of pure (as apart from so-called) jazz. A useful guide to classical jazz records is appended.

Not by Your Little Boy

"YOU UNDER THE MAGNIFYING GLASS" (Modern Art Gallery; 10s. 6d.) are drawings not by your little boy, but by Jack Bilbo. Your child, however bright with the pencil, would not have quite this in him. Mr. Bilbo drew these to cheer himself and you up during the buzz-bombs, and they have been published at top speed. They form a fine, crazy memento to a fine, crazy summer—so, Mr. Bilbo, thanks.



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Stories from Everywhere



Irene Ambrus is playing the part of Adele in the new version of "Die Fledermaus," now at the Palace Theatre under the title of "The Gay Rosalinda." Born in Budapest, Irene Ambrus was first discovered by the well-known Continental impresario, Erich Charrell, of "White Horse Inn" fame. She has appeared in light opera at The Royal Opera House, Budapest, and in many other great opera houses on the Continent and as a member of the Sadler's Wells Company she appeared as Gainetta in "The Imbroglio," and as Aretta in Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo"

THE captain of a steamer took on two hands—one a Kirkcaldy man without a written character, the other a man from Dundee possessed of abundant documentary evidence as to his honesty.

They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the Dundee man, when crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The Kirkcaldy man saw what had happened and sought out the captain.

"Dae ye mind yon mon from Dundee," he said, "that ye engaged wi' the fine character?"

"Yes," said the captain. "What of it?"

"He's awa' wi' yer bucket," was the reply.

THIS one is taken from "Surrealist Fables" in *Gen, Cairo*:

There was once a restaurant in Soho that made a great point of the fact that it could serve any dish in the world at a moment's notice. On one occasion, therefore, shortly after half-past-two in the afternoon, a man who wanted to be awkward sat down at a table and ordered an elephant steak slightly underdone.

"African or Indian, sir," asked the waiter.

The man replied that he would like Indian elephant and accordingly prepared to receive his lunch with some anticipation. After a few moments, however, the waiter returned.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I wonder if you would mind changing your order?"

"Ah," said the man, "so you can't give me an elephant steak after all?"

"Not in the least," answered the waiter, "I merely wondered whether you would care to take African elephant. The chef would prefer not to start on a new elephant at this time of day!"

AN American retailer, annoyed because he had to wait several months for an order, wired the manufacturer: "Cancel order immediately."

Back came the response: "Regret cannot cancel immediately. You must wait your turn."

AN American died and went to Heaven and promptly boasted about his native land.

"Do you know," he told a group of spirits, "the at Niagara Falls eight billion cubic feet of water flow over the cliffs every second?"

"Poof!" said Noah, scornfully. "Dewdrops!"

THE following are two questions and answers taken from *Crazy Like A Fox*, by S. J. Perelman, published in U.S.A.:

Question: "I would like to know the easiest way to get a swarm of bees which are lodged in between the walls of a house."

Answer: Take a small boy smeared with honey and lower him between the walls. The bees will fasten themselves to him by the hundreds and can be scraped off when he is pulled up, after which the boy can be thrown away.

Question: Could you suggest a method to correct thumb-sucking by an infant of one year?

Answer: My grandfather used to tie a Mills grenade to the baby's thumb, and when the little spanker pulled out the detonating pin with his teeth, Grandpa would stuff his fingers into his ears and run like the wind.

A SUPERINTENDENT of schools in America visited a night-school for negro adults. He was called upon to congratulate an old negro woman. She had enrolled at the start of the course with a single, avowed intention—to learn to write her name. She had succeeded, and the course was at an end and she was leaving.

The next year the superintendent visited the same school. The old darkie woman had enrolled again and was told.

"Why?" he asked her.

"Ah's goin' to learn to write mah name," she said.

"But you learned that last year."

"Ah' knows dat. But now"—and she swelled with pride—"now Ah gone got married."



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Sweeter and Higher

MORE than three thousand sorties were flown by our aircraft and over 5,000 tons of sweets and free railway tickets were dropped. That is a mixture of any Allied air-war communique and an actual communique concerning the activities of the Royal Egyptian Air Force on the occasion of the celebrations of King Farouk's birthday. It is the kind of communique we would all like to see.

King Farouk not only made his birthday festivities pleasurable for the people, he also made them instructive. Ordering his Air Force to send down sweets and free railway tickets on parachutes he indicated the better purposes which air forces must one day strive to fulfil. What an advantage it would be to all if air forces could be persuaded to substitute sweets for incendiaries and free railway tickets for block busters! But I fear there are reasons other than practical which might stand in the way. For instance, it is curious that the dropping of high explosive bombs carries with it an aroma of dignity and greatness, whereas the dropping of sweets smacks of a thing of which Anglo-Americans are pathologically shy, namely pansification. Dealing in high explosives is, in their estimation, manly, but dealing in sweets and perfumes and flowers is "girlish." We must really strive to educate our fighting men in the larger values and teach them that death and destruction are not the only dignities so that, when the time comes, they will not be too disappointed in having to turn their skill and the performance of their aircraft to peaceful pursuits.

Engine Development

ONE of the favourite misquotations of the B.B.C. Brains Trust is the definition of a specialist as a man who knows more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing. The point of the original statement was its contrast with the general practitioner in medicine who knows less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything.

In aero-engine development it is most difficult to get out of the hands of the men who know more and more about less and less and into the hands of the men who know less and less about more and more. In other words the general view tends to disappear before the specialist view. Yet the general view, the wide survey, are as important as the specialist view. Only through the general view can future policy be accurately laid down. There is urgent need for engine experts who survey the entire field and try to guide the efforts of the specialists along the right ways.

Consequently I was very pleased to see Air Commodore F. R. Banks's paper on engines which was read the other day before the Royal Aeronautical Society. Air Commodore Banks has been in the engine world for a great many years. He was once a specialist (in fuels) and that experience helps him now that he is a general practitioner and holds the post of Director of Engine Development at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He is an all-out believer in the gas turbine as the power unit of the aircraft of the future; but I gathered that he is not so certain that recoil drive will replace airscrew plus jet or airscrew drive. One important thing he brought out about the gas turbine when compared with the conventional piston engine is that it takes a much shorter time to get into production. He was less pessimistic than most other speakers have been on the fuel consumption position as between the gas turbine and the ordinary piston engine and airscrew combination.

Accidents

THE anxiety shown by Parliament about accidents to aircraft carrying important people was difficult to allay. Sir Archibald Sinclair did all that could be done without a much fuller statistical exposition. He was handicapped—as a Minister must always be—by the secrecy imposed by his own department.

I have always thought there is a great deal of unnecessary secrecy and that Ministers have got the habit of secrecy which they find usually protective. Often they order that inquiries be made in secret when there is no security reason for that course at all. And it may be true that by this means they are saved some trouble; but there is also the other side. They are not able, when revelation of the facts would help them, to break their own rules. Sir Archibald Sinclair did give a few figures about the work of Transport Command but my belief is that if he had been able to give the whole of the statistical picture he could have allayed completely the anxieties about safety. It is fair to add that Sir Archibald Sinclair has never been a serious offender in the matter of imposing unnecessary publication bans. He has always held a modern and rational view of these things. And I have never found Air Ministry publication bans unreasonable, though occasionally they have been imposed as a result of a misconception.

Ice and Fuel

ONE point about one of the recent aircraft accidents was made to me by a highly experienced air line pilot. He referred to the story that the aircraft ran out of fuel and mentioned that this did not necessarily mean that it did not start with an ample margin. But if an aircraft ices up, the power required to fly it goes up too and the engines have to be opened out with the result that the fuel consumption goes up with a rush. This is a thing I did not see mentioned; but it obviously has great importance in elucidating the causes of some of the accidents.



Air Cdre. C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., D.F.C., is seen at work in his office where he laboured day and night to produce the air-support plan for D-Day, the greatest and most complicated plan ever achieved in the history of air warfare. He also had the job of briefing Naval and Army officers on the air-support plan

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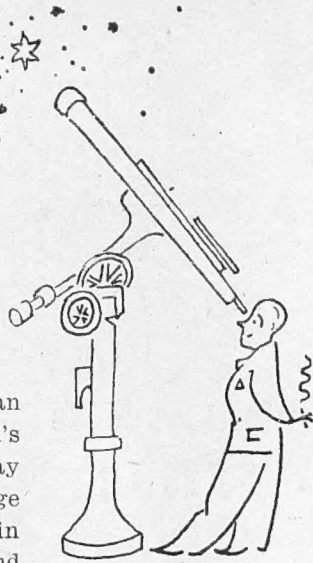
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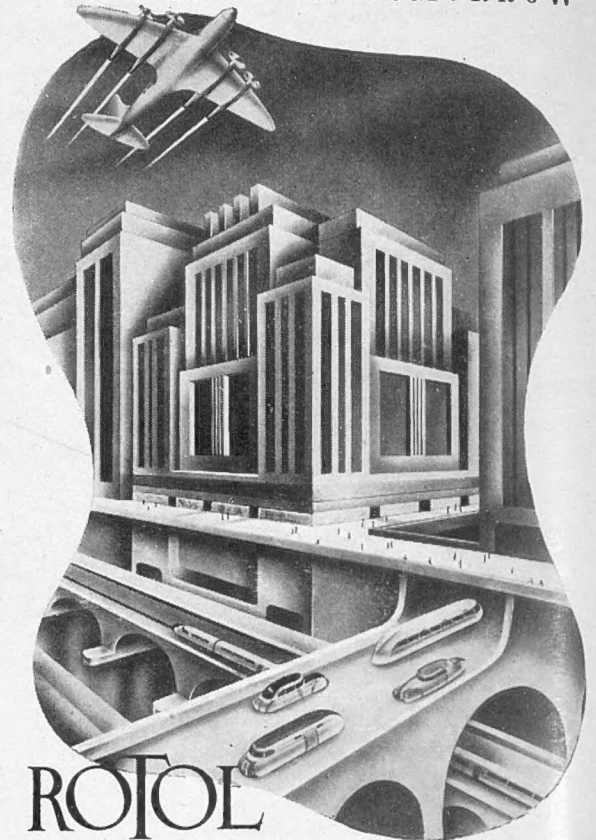
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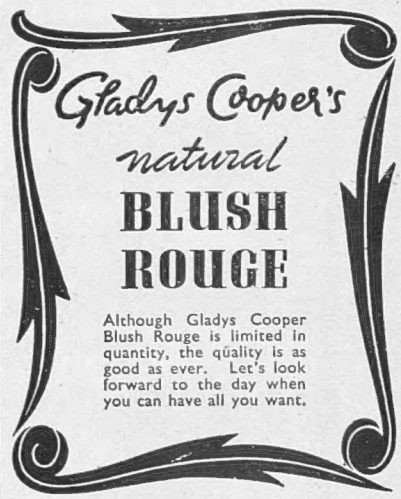
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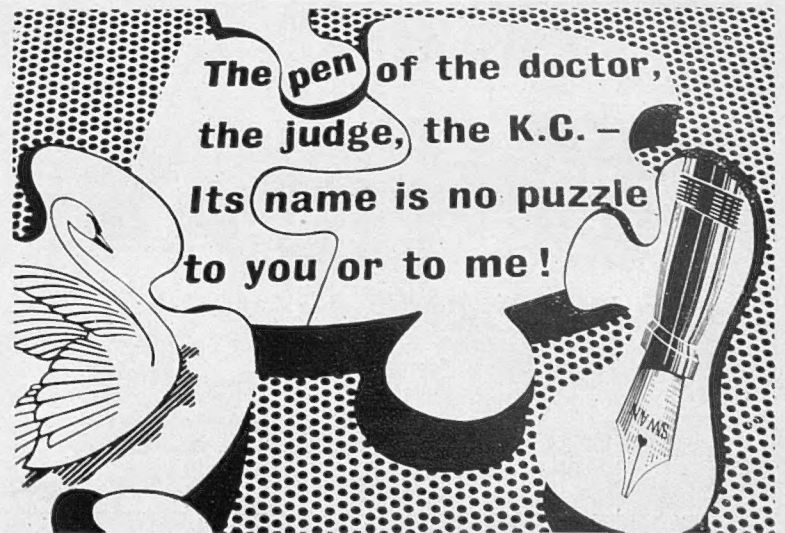
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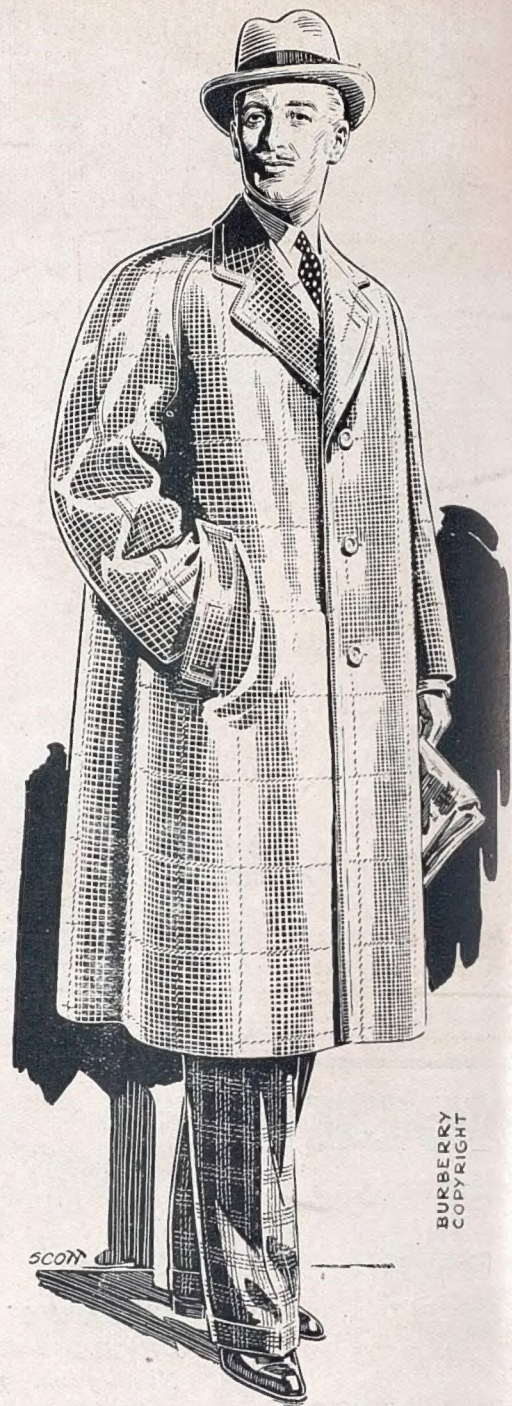
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